

## A BARREN SHORE

69

On this side there were none of the  
heaps of sea-  
weeds found on the left-hand side of  
the beach.  
This promontory was formed of heavy  
masses of  
rocks which seemed to have been  
broken off  
from the top of the cliff. At the cave  
it would  
have been impossible to cross it, but  
nearer the  
sea it was low enough to get across.

The boatswain's attention was soon  
caught by a  
sound of running water.

A hundred feet from the cave, a  
stream mur-  
mured among the rocks, escaping in  
Jittle liquid  
threads.

The stones were scattered here,  
which enabled  
them to reach the bed of a little stream  
fed by a  
cascade that came leaping down to  
lose itself  
in the sea.

" There it is ! There it is ! Good fresh  
water ! "  
John Block exclaimed, after a  
draught taken  
up in his hands.

" Fresh and sweet!" Frank declared  
when he  
had moistened his lips with it.

" And why shouldn't there be  
vegetation on  
the top of the cliff,"<sup>3</sup> John Block  
enquired, "al-  
though that is only a stream ? "

" A stream now," Fritz said, " and a  
stream  
which may even dry up during the  
very hot

weather, \*but no doubt a torrent in  
the rainy  
season."

" Well, if it will only flow for a tew days  
longer,"